

The COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XLII

April 27, 1945

NUMBER 2

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THE COMMONWEAL is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.

Published weekly and copyrighted 1945 in the U.S.A. by THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. ASland 4,9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. \$5 a year. Canada and Foreign \$6. Single copies 10c.

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TO THE new President of the United States, with an abiding sense of our loss, of the sudden loss of a great leader, the Editors of THE COMMONWEAL extend both sympathy and a pledge of loyal support in the common cause. We beg our fellow Americans to remember always that great ventures ever involve great risks, that never are they achieved without mistakes being made in the process of their achievement, but that if we venture nothing, we gain nothing. May Mr. Truman's heart and mind be strengthened, as it may need strengthening, to bear the heavy burden which will be his.

International Bill of Rights

IN THE two statements on San Francisco by religious and civic leaders analyzed in these pages last week attention was directed to the demand for an international bill of rights. That is also the heart of the message of the Archbishops and Bishops of the NCWC Administrative Board issued April 14. Acceptance of such a bill of inalienable rights, according to this statement, should be a requirement for "active participation in the international organization." For "will a nation which does not make its own citizens secure in the enjoyment of their human rights work honestly and sincerely for the main-

tenance of world peace and mutual cooperation in the international community"? The bishops cite the disastrous results, particularly in recent times, of the mistreatment of minorities and the denial of civil and religious liberties and other innate human rights. They agree with the aforementioned criticisms of Dumbarton Oaks that "the functions of the General Assembly are too restricted and the functions of the Security Council are too broad." They see the latter in its true rôle as an executive committee responsible to the Assembly. And the bishops stress the importance of developing a World Court which would pass on all justiciable disputes and have the authority to revise peace settlements, treaties and other agreements which in the passage of time require to be modified. Apprehension persists that as matters now stand what is proposed is a grand alliance of victorious big powers rather than a genuine international organization.

New York State headquarters of the American Labor Party are currently distributing a pamphlet on Dumbarton Oaks, "Angels Could Do It Better"; criticisms of the proposals are also resented in certain other circles on patriotic grounds. Yet before the San Francisco Conference is the time to discuss Dumbarton Oaks shortcomings. As the bishops say in conjunction with their criticism, "A sound world organization is not a utopian dream. With honest good-will in all the victors, it will be realized. . . ."

A Major Ingredient for Peace

UNDER even the most favorable circumstances, the human mind may—and often does—operate in strange and wonderful fashion. Yet our only hope lies in the equally verifiable fact that it can act rationally and with reasonable detachment from immediate self-interest. But straight thinking is utterly impossible without two rather obvious elements: mastery of the apparatus of thought (which may come either from practice or from training) and adequate knowledge of the matter thought about. This must read like the most abominable platitude, and yet it needs reiteration constantly in a day when both conditions for the formation of sound opinion are so often absent—or else mutilated.

Reports we receive almost daily from Germany show what can happen when a whole nation is deprived of the information necessary for making even approximately right judgments. We know that in some respects our own opinions have been badly perverted because of our own lack of knowledge about other countries exercising rigid censorships. Of course, we must always remember that there are and always will be what might be called inevitable censorships in this matter of information. These operate because of language barriers, mistakes in editorial judgment, prejudice

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and human blind spots. But if to these natural hurdles, which rational opinion must seek to clear, we add the artificial hurdles of lying propaganda and government censorship, we might as well reconcile ourselves to bigger and better wars in the future.

The moral of this is simply that mankind must work out some international climate under which full freedom of communication is possible. This means that the world's channels of communication—cables, telegraph wires, radio, the mails—shall be open for the dispatch of news without let or hindrance. This freedom, subject as it is to abuse, must be absolute, since there seems to be no possible technique whereby its abuses can be eliminated without risking its own impairment. In other words, lying propaganda—always subject to the checks of man's critical training—is far less dangerous than government censorship, or news blackouts, which deprive our judgment of any weapon with which to attack falsehood.

Whether the San Francisco Conference will follow the example set at Chapultepec we cannot know, but whether or not it passes resolutions for freedom of communication, it has a grave obligation to make it structurally possible for this freedom gradually to be implemented in the world. In practice this means that all over the globe the great agencies of information shall have unhampered, undiscriminatory use of all available transmission facilities as well as an unquestioned right for their agents to travel and have access to sources of information. These agencies specifically include the Press, Radio, Newsreels and recognized scholars. Without this, any security organization will be a waste of time.

Unions for Foremen?

PERHAPS the most heated labor dispute in recent months has arisen lately both in the auto and coal mining industries. It has to do with foremen. The National Labor Relations Board has just declared that foremen and supervisory employees have the right to organize. The question has been percolating for months; in the Union Collieries case it was permitted, while in the Maryland Drydock case it was denied. Now it is up with the Packard Motor Company, and General Motors has instituted a big advertising campaign to oppose such unionization.

The term *foreman* has the widest series of connotations. It obviously means something quite different in a mass-production industry and in a small machine shop. In the American auto industry there are many hundreds of foremen. Up to now they have been considered as a part of that sacred group whose "interests coincide with that of the management" and therefore as not eligible for unionization. And it is clear that to have them

join the same union as that of the workers they supervise would greatly impair their principal function in the industry. Should they therefore be denied the right of unionization? Would such a process "tear down the position and authority of foremen," as General Motors alleges? This is a complex question.

Much would depend on the form of unionization and the relationship, if any, of the foremen's union to such organizations as the United Auto Workers. However, in a number of industries foremen comprise a sizable group. They have their own peculiar problems, their own need of collective action. Why should they not organize in the interest of their group? No doubt the old argument about the interests of management has also had a part in holding up the effective unionization of white collar workers for a number of years, more's the pity. Possibly the existence of organized groups whose concern admittedly lies closer to that of management than, say, factory workers would hasten the day when labor and management conceive of themselves and of each other as full-fledged partners in a common productive enterprise.

Rouault

NEW YORK's Museum of Modern Art has recently opened one of the most comprehensive showings of the works of Georges Rouault ever assembled. This exhibition is to continue until June 3, and anyone wishing to see in the flesh the works of an artist about whom so much has been written, especially in these columns, should avail himself of this opportunity, which he may never have again. The selection and hanging of the show is beyond criticism: the very best of the available paintings and etchings are here, and chronology has not been forgotten, so that one may trace the artist's development. Rouault is above all the artist of the Christian poetic and mystical tradition. His clowns are assimilated to the Folly of the Cross; his prostitutes are not objects of derision but constant indictments of the flesh and reminders of the Magdalen. And the men he hates, the men who incarnate the Devil, are the Judges, the whited sepulchres of our civilization, the mediocre, who are neither hot nor cold, who embody all the worst middle class traits, who value property over men.

The Museum of Modern Art has prepared an excellent illustrated catalogue of the show, well worth the \$3.00 it costs. It is only marred by the imperceptiveness of the technically excellent introduction; to supplement this a reader should obtain the current issue of *Art News*, also copiously illustrated, which contains a magnificent esthetic appraisal by Alfred M. Frankfurter and moving reminiscences by Raïssa Maritain.

April 15, 1945

AT FIRST it is not like a river; one could not know that it is to become a river; wherever there is no great valley with the mountains and the hills on each side of the valley there is no river; at first there is only mountain country and the roads go through the woods; there will be a bridge over a gorge and you look down and the sign post says this is the Hudson; but it is not really the Hudson; it is not a river until it looks like a river, until it can be used as a river; it is not the Hudson Valley, the Hudson river, until Troy or Albany, until from Troy and Albany it flows past Hyde Park, Poughkeepsie and Newburgh, West Point, Cold Spring and Garrison, past Manhattan, to the bay and to the sea. It is not this great American river until there are the farms on each side of it, and then the hills come steeply down to the river and the roads with the farms along the roads pass behind the hills, and then the river is broad again and there are the great houses with the rose gardens and the drive from the gate up to the house and then the river is narrow once more and it flows past the Palisades and past Manhattan and then there are the islands in the bay, Staten Island and then the river takes on the motion of the sea, if you are on a ship there will be Sandy Hook to the right, the dunes and the little summer cottages clustered there, and then the ship will be at sea.

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The shad are running now. Deep in the river they swim upstream. The fishermen place their nets in the river channel.

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No one knows what wars they won or what wars they lost but in the end they lost all their wars. They are buried in the Hudson Valley but no graves are marked; only, there are arrowheads here and there and if you are clearing ground to build in the woods you may find arrowheads. It is not like in Ohio where the Indians constructed their memorials, the mounds, rising above the level valley, which stretch out in the shape of a snake. There is nothing like that in the Hudson Valley. And where did they bury their dead on Manhattan?

A river may be a great river in a wilderness but it is not a great river in America until the first ships came up it from the sea, and perhaps no one landed from the ships to live along the banks of the river, but then other ships came, the settlers came, the Dutch, or anybody else, landed from the ships and lived along the river. A river in America is not a great river until the settlers cleared away the trees and ploughed the

land, until they drove away the Indians or killed them, until they took the river and the banks of the river and made it an American river in the special sense that American meant everything that was to happen later. So that there had to be the Indian dead in the Hudson Valley, the Dutch dead, the settlers massacred by the Indians, there had to be the signposts put up by the historical societies showing where battles were fought, against the Indians, against the British—it is confusing because the Americans were the British for a time, or they were Dutch, and then the Americans were not British they were fighting against the British, with the Indians against the British, or against the British who were with the Indians, and then of course against the French, or with the French against the British, with Lafayette against the Hessians; but the Americans were Germans also. It is confusing but the confusion does not matter. There had to be all this fighting in history so that America would come to be. There had to be the sad business about Benedict Arnold, the great iron chain drawn across the Hudson, the sad business about Major André. There had to be all these graves in order that America might be what it has become. And also that is the way the river became a great American river.

And then there was the first steamboat to make the run to Albany, and partly against the tide. That was extraordinary. The ferries running to and fro between Hoboken and Manhattan; the ferries running to Staten Island and to Brooklyn; the ferry at Yonkers, at Kingston, at Beacon, at Peekskill. (The flags on the New York ferries are old flags; they are not like the flags that are put out occasionally on the buildings of Fifth Avenue; thus they flew at half mast, the faded flags that had served for many years; there are new ferry boats but many of the ferry boats are old; the old ferry crossing at 125th Street approached the slip with a faded American flag at half mast; the wind blew the flag out taut.)

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It would not matter so much whether an American came from a farm in the Hudson Valley or from one of the great houses in the Hudson Valley; or even if he were the son of an Italian who had come from Italy to the Hudson Valley. It would be only that anyone from the Hudson Valley would have seen the river and the hills that are beside the river, the hills that hold the river; and that would be enough if he had seen them as a boy. If he had seen the swimming in the river, if he had walked in the woods or on the hills from which he would see the river. That would be enough. There, naturally, would be where he would wish to be carried when he died.

C. G. PAULDING.

Mr. Roosevelt

"A reason why men and generations are remembered"

George N. Shuster

YOU will remember, perhaps, Grey's saying in 1914 that the lights were going out over all Europe, and that it would be a long time before they were bright again. Even he cannot have known how desperately long it would take, or that darkness would descend upon well nigh the whole earth before dawn could return. Nothing anybody can say about Mr. Roosevelt is more true than that millions of men and women in as many countries as you can mention believed that he, uniquely he, would usher in the morning. Of course this conviction rested in part upon knowledge or illusion, it does not for the moment matter which, about the fields, the factories and the decency of America. But it was born also of a feeling that in Mr. Roosevelt old values had a spokesman as well as new techniques.

Old values and new techniques! I think that the duality thus expressed may well have been the component parts of the unity for which he strove. Mr. Roosevelt had grave and manifest faults, and it may be well to have a candid look at them. Some once said that Caesar was ambitious, and more have said it of the late President with a certain reason. He craved glory and honor and fame and everlasting laudation, often with a quite child-like intensity. To cite chapter and verse would serve no purpose. One can't have known Mr. Roosevelt at all without knowing this. And his second fault may well have been bound up with his training. His mind ranged widely and was keen. But it lacked ability to delve to the last layer of soil where realism is. Some commentators have said that he picked up a germ at Teheran from which he did not rid himself. But it was more than a germ. It was a shock.

Nevertheless these faults, which sometimes made him impetuous when he should have been cautious and conciliatory when he should have been firm, add to rather than lessen the abiding value of what he achieved. Enemies sometimes said that he was veering toward dictatorship. That is extremely fatuous. Mr. Roosevelt's supreme satisfaction lay in the fact that he could master the democratic process. In order to win over the majority of the people, he had again and again to change his political formulas. But he

varied them with superlative skill without ever altering the basic factor, which was his ability to make a new combination when circumstances required. In all this he manifested consummate democratic political art. But the drift of his thinking was apart from these matters. He believed in the old things for which America had stood. And he knew that this old wine had to be poured into new bottles. Sometimes, it is true, he poured it into a bottle that broke. But at least he did not spill it on the ground.

Let us look at the values. Mr. Roosevelt believed in the social conscience—worshiped it with the passionate intensity which possibly only the well-to-do and therefore leisurely American has ever been able to develop. He was of the school of Edward Bellamy, Henry George and John A. Ryan. It was appalling to him that honest men should be doomed to helpless poverty. It was equally shocking to him that an industrial mechanism capable of producing everything people needed should lie idle while millions of citizens had nothing. You will get nowhere in this world until you realize that any number of people are neither appalled nor shocked by these things and that their callousness may not be entirely their fault. The middle class consists of human beings who work hard and save something for a rainy day. Often they have no time, energy or money to think of anything else. When depressions come, they turn out the lights earlier and put the same amount in the savings bank. They are workers in the hive and lack the imagination to realize that the fellow who isn't standing in line with a deposit slip may be up against a handicap tougher than indolence. Mr. Roosevelt saw the truth. He went ahead and tried to do something about it. Not always the right thing, no doubt, but anyhow there were fewer people eating out of garbage cans.

Mr. Roosevelt also had a curious spiritual fervor. I say "curious" because, frankly, I do not understand it. There was about him none of the grass-roots Protestant Christianity which Mr. Truman will bring to the White House, and none of the tragic mystical insight which Lincoln developed in his last years. The Washington of this war is a singularly despiritualized entity. You journey out to Brookland and see the vast complex of religious establishments grouped round

the Catholic University; or you may, if you like, go to church with Lord Halifax. But on the government, these diverse religious forces seem to exercise no influence whatever. It is a positivistic enterprise geared to efficiency and little else. When you listen to Mr. Patterson or Mr. Batt or to any of that fraternity, you hear men speak for whom action suffices without a purpose. The President, however, was somehow far loftier than all that. He believed in prayer, even if it was a conventional prayer. He believed in God, even if He was the Rector's God. One cannot resist the feeling that in matters of the soul Mr. Roosevelt was a conservative.

Undoubtedly he entertained a deep respect for the Catholic Church. He was unfailingly tactful in his relations with Catholics, and considerate of their legitimate interests, for quite other than political reasons. Putting Mr. Myron Taylor in the Vatican and sending Carlton Hayes to Spain were acts of which only a gentleman would think. It is of course no secret that Mr. Roosevelt was often hard put to it to guess what on earth Catholics wanted. Indeed, if he read certain sections of the Catholic press, he must have wondered whether they wanted anything tangible this side of Sirius, the dog star. Yet these things do not alter the essential record. He sent Ed Flynn on a serio-comic trip to Moscow. And undoubtedly for a time he profited by the astute and subtle mind of Felix Frankfurter. To put those two facts together, and alas in certain circles they have not always been joined, is to have the material for a commentary which it might some time be instructive to compose.

Now for the new bottles. I don't know whether Mr. Roosevelt ever thought about Karl Marx, or about the bee in Marx's bonnet. But it seems to me that he often acted as if he had some intuitive recognition of both. Marx saw that capitalism had not worked out as Adam Smith predicted, because Hume's theory of innate sympathy as the motor of the social conscience was wrong. He also grasped the simple truth that if you were to drum up support for the social conscience, you would have to organize; and he surmised that the logical organization was that of the victims, of the proletariat. Yet Marx made a colossal blunder—in addition to sundry smaller ones—and it was this: failure to grasp the dynamism latent in economic activity. I am not going to insert at this point an essay on the private interpretation of the economic gospel. But it is evident that the New Deal, as well as the economic planning of the British and the Germans, developed out of the surmisal that if you stimulated the whole economic enterprise by injecting into its veins a certain amount of collective public purpose you could alter its tempo and its social significance.

Undoubtedly Mr. Roosevelt's attempts to do

this were amateurish. That is always a term one applies to ventures undertaken for the first time. And it is unfortunately true to say that the sole successful experiments in industrial dynamism so far conducted are bound up with the armament industry and war. But we may hope that little by little human society may find the solution. At any rate, we know definitely that it is possible for industrial democracy to accomplish not only everything achieved inside a rigorously organized Marxist state, but much more beside. Therewith, it seems to me, Mr. Roosevelt left the American people a legacy of hope. Realizing that hope will not be easy. But few would doubt that hard work can be contemplated more agreeably than despair.

The dead President was, above all, the Commander-in-Chief of the most formidable American armies ever to have been mustered in. It so happens that on the night of his death, having come away from meetings blissfully ignorant of the sad news, I noted that the number of those who had fallen on the field of battle was near to two hundred thousand. And of course I prayed that those who had been bereft would find solace for the loss of sons in their living faith that mortal men put on immortality, not realizing then that he who was their chief had joined the ghostly cavalcade. Therefore the news when it came was a rude blow. Americans generally have not been permitted to understand the havoc wrought by this war. Day in and out, the commentators make whoopee over the fleets of planes and the thud of bombs. But in the end we shall see the bitter truth and we shall know that it is easy to kindle flames in cities, but desperately hard to light a fire in the heart of man. And the blunt, stern truth is that he who could, as no one else any longer can, stir that warmth and give it kindling life is gone.

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It is no doubt true that Mr. Roosevelt initially conceived of this war as a warding off of peril. Nazism in control of Europe and Japan in control of Asia would have been able to squeeze the living sap from the loins of America. Therefore it was necessary to prevent Axis success on either continent. The fact was simple and the conclusion equally so. But very probably nobody foresaw what would happen in the process. The Atlantic Charter and its "four freedoms" were directed to a hypothetical world in which people could still sit down and talk about what kind of society they wanted to live in. There would be a sort of grandiose, world-wide town meeting, at which everybody would meet and decide, in a quite friendly fashion, what ought to be done. But soon it wasn't that kind of world any longer. What we confronted was, rather, a vast array of desperate, regimented, work-or-you-don't-eat peoples driven on to goals they were never permitted to think

about in terms other than those of bare survival. Meanwhile we, too, changed. It will not do at present to comment on how we changed.

But everybody knows we did.

The "four freedoms" went into the ash-can, and we began to talk about Dumbarton Oaks and Bretton Woods. That is, we fell back upon the concept of an international organization which would eventually do the things we could not now do, just as Mr. Wilson conjured up a League of Nations as a device for making the world safe for democracy—in the years to come. One of the most farsighted of living Americans said to me the other day that Mr. Roosevelt was avoiding all of Wilson's mistakes on the road to the same place. Let us be certain that the man whose body has just been borne to its last resting place saw all this clearly. It worried the life out of him.

One can only say to one's fellow-Americans, "You have said goodbye to a great man who loved his country and his conscience. You loved him and damned him, cheered him and mocked him, as was your right to do. And now it is high time to sit down for a little while and figure out what he was up against. Let us, for God's

sake, shut out the silly drivel of the radio and forget a thousand slogans. Let us try to imagine that a soldier may have something else on his mind than a leg show. And then we can ask ourselves, for what have all these hundreds of thousands of men and women and children died? Why has the very heart of humanity been broken? Why did churches in which Saint Helena worshiped wait two thousand years to be destroyed? And then perhaps we may find some word Mr. Roosevelt would have spoken had he lived."

The day after he died, poor girls brought flowers to the house he used to live in in New York and put them around the room in which he had once sat. There was the fire he looked into when he was young. And there was the window through which the sun came to him. Well, I know that to thousands of youngsters like these, who were tots in days when desperate poverty burned out the heart like acid, and who are now just grown up enough to feel the whole dreary burden of the war, Mr. Roosevelt has meant more than they could ever say. We have a chance to find out that there is a reason why men and generations are remembered.

New Ideas for Government

How reform
should come

Thomas K. Finletter

IN THE COMMONWEAL of March 9, Mr. Harry Lorin Binsse makes some important observations on the machinery of our foreign relations. Our system of government, he says, automatically pushes us in an isolationist direction and lessens our influence in the world. The treaty clause of the Constitution is the principal villain. Mr. Binsse makes the point that the requirement of a two-thirds Senate vote for the approval of treaties was adopted by the authors of the Constitution on an assumption which has been proven wrong—namely that the Senate would be a small body of elder statesmen appointed by the state legislatures and thus be capable of working in cordial relationship with the President. Moreover, Mr. Binsse says, we have abandoned in practice one of the best features of the treaty clause as it came out of the Constitutional Convention of 1787—the provision for the taking of the "advice" of the Senate during the negotiation stage of treaties.* Mr.

Binsse accordingly proposes (1) that the Constitution be amended so as to have treaties acted on by majority vote in the House and Senate, (2) that the Secretary of State be subject to questioning by the Senate in secret session, and (3) that the Secretary of State be dismissible by the Senate.

I agree with Mr. Binsse's suggestion—to which he sees objections—that treaties be acted on by a majority vote of both Houses. There is a noticeable sweep of opinion in the country which sees in the two-thirds requirement an undemocratic anachronism which must be eliminated if the United States is to have a proper foreign policy. The most effective argument to the contrary is that a treaty is more than a law, since it also involves a commitment to a foreign State: *ergo* it should require a more solemn vote than a mere act of Congress. How this argument accounts

(The President) shall have Power, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Senate, to make Treaties, provided two-thirds of the Senators present concur.

*Constitution of the United States, Article II, Section 2:

for the exclusion of the House from the consideration of treaties is not clear. But the strongest impetus against the change to a majority vote of the two Houses comes from a thinking which is unwilling to see the United States participate too actively in world affairs and therefore welcomes our keeping the emergency brake on while we drive the car.

But have we gone to the heart of the problem when we say that the two-thirds rule must be changed? Mr. Binsse thinks not, for he adds his recommendation that the Secretary of State appear before the Senate—if necessary in secret session—to explain not only the treaties which the Executive has under consideration but also the whole gamut of foreign policy.

Here Mr. Binsse is striking at something of the utmost importance. Foreign policy is not made by treaties alone. Some of it is created by purely executive action—the work of the President as the sole organ of foreign relations and as Commander-in-Chief, and the day to day operations of the State Department and the diplomatic missions abroad in the handling of our foreign affairs. Another great segment of foreign policy is made by the Executive and Congress jointly—appropriations, legislation like the Trade Agreements Act, the Johnson Act and Lend Lease, and those executive agreements (such as the one which set up UNRRA) which are submitted by the Executive to Congress for its approval. This area of joint action is growing. Once the fundamental treaties ending the war and setting up the new international organization to keep the peace are out of the way, our foreign policy will more and more depend on this kind of collaboration by the Executive and Congress.

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Now there is a serious technical defect in our machinery for joint operation by the Executive and Congress—as serious in its field as the two-thirds vote requirement in the case of treaties. This weakness is the conflict between Congress and the Executive which comes from the fact that under our system of the separation of powers the Executive and Congress are two independent branches, each substantially sovereign in its own right, each refusing to be dominated by the other, but never setting up a proper method whereby they can work together in the national interest. In proposing that the Secretary of State appear before the Senate to keep it informed of the day to day progress and future plans of our foreign policy, Mr. Binsse is striking at and trying to eliminate this defect.

The conflict in the American government between Congress and the Executive is not caused by a human failing. It is the work of the system. The authors of the Constitution wanted a form

of government in which there would be no tyranny by the State over the individual. The balance of the three powers (or more correctly, *branches*) of the government, in which each checks the other so that no one will have too much power, was the method they adopted for the purpose; but they probably would have failed to achieve their objective if it had not been for a political accident. If the plan for an Electoral College had worked, Congress would have been the only branch elected by the people: it therefore would have been supreme. The breakdown of the Electoral College and the consequent direct election of the President by the people created a situation where both Congress and the President received their mandate from the source of all power, the people. This gave the two branches equal dignity and authority and made it impossible, as long as our system of representative government lasts, for either branch to dominate the other. Congress stands as the directly chosen representatives of the people to whom are confided the political liberties of the nation. The President stands as the positive element, chosen by the nation to create and carry out the policies the people want. The relative power of the two great branches varies with the needs of the times. When things are going well, Congress is the more important. When there is trouble, especially when there is war, the people look to the President for leadership and Congress is temporarily submerged. But most of the time the two branches are in a conflict which makes it impossible for the government as a whole to work properly. There is no technique in the American system which makes it possible for Congress and the Executive to work together harmoniously.

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We must eliminate this conflict from our system. One step in that direction is to break down the lack of communication between Congress and the Executive. But does Mr. Binsse's suggestion for the appearance of the Secretary of State in the Senate for interrogation go far enough? And why should he ever appear in secret session?

The resolution recently introduced in the House of Representatives by Mr. Estes Kefauver, of Tennessee, seems to me to be nearer the goal. Mr. Kefauver's plan is that all Cabinet members and agency heads appear at regular intervals on the floors of Congress to answer questions. Domestic as well as foreign affairs would be freely debated. The Kefauver plan would keep Congress fully informed of the operations of the executive branch—a desirable thing to do for two reasons. First, so that the Legislature may carry out its duty of supervising, on behalf of the people, the operations of the Executive under the authority granted by acts of Congress and by

the Constitution. Second, so that these policies—often technical and difficult to understand—may be fully discussed in open forum by the representatives of the two great parties in Congress with the result that the nation will know what its government is doing.

The Kefauver resolution has not been adopted. But another step, of greater importance, looking to the breakdown of the separation of the Executive and Congress has been taken without any formal action by the Legislature. This is the setting up of joint executive-legislative bodies to work together in making the plans for the peace. One of the most important recent objectives of the Roosevelt administration has been to avoid the kind of conflict with the Senate which defeated Wilson's treaty of 1919. Two procedures to win the collaboration of the Senate have been set up. First, members of Congress—especially of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—have been named to the United States delegations to the various international conferences, notably Dumbarton Oaks, Mexico City, and San Francisco, and thus have been given an important part in foreign policy *as it is being made*. Unlike 1919, no treaty will be put to the Senate to look at afresh, for the leaders of the Senate will have had a part in making it. They may therefore be counted on to defend it.

But more important yet, in the long run, Secretary Hull after his return from Moscow in 1943, set up under his chairmanship a joint State Department-Senate Foreign Relations Committee group to consider all important foreign policies—especially the plans for our joining an international organization to enforce peace—during the formative stage. A corresponding State Department-House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee group also was established. Both joint bodies, which include Republicans as well as Democrats, have been continued by Mr. Stettinius.

The importance of these joint executive-legislative bodies goes far beyond the war-end treaties. They will start off, I believe, with a resounding accomplishment, for the evidence is strong that this time the internecine conflict that destroyed Wilson's treaty will be avoided. But this will not be the end of the achievements of these joint bodies. They must of necessity be continued for the purpose of eliminating the conflict within our government in the carrying out of the huge tasks we will assume in the treaties of peace and in the new international security organization. If the joint bodies succeed in this, they will bridge the gap that has heretofore separated our executive and legislative branches, and will become a permanent and important part of the United States government of the future.

But what of domestic affairs? Will they not also drive us to a more smoothly functioning gov-

ernment? Will the tasks of finding jobs for the more than twenty million men and women in the armed forces and in other war work, of eliminating the violent depressions of the past which have so grievously wrecked our economy, and of providing a high and steady level of employment, be any less demanding than our foreign policy? The pressure of our domestic problems will, I believe, be even more important in driving us to strengthen the executive side of our government and in compelling us to create techniques to bring Congress into this work so that it will not be discredited and our political liberties endangered. What form this executive-legislative collaboration will take is problematical; but that it will take place in some form seems inevitable.

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The most likely course is that this collaboration will follow the trail which has already been partly blazed. The joint State Department-Congress groups are now an embryo cabinet, but restricted to foreign policy. It is natural that this limited joint cabinet be expanded in scope so as to take in domestic affairs as well as foreign. Already the demand for improvement of the structure and procedures of Congress, both from within the Legislature and from without, is strong. More than twenty resolutions were proposed in the Seventy-Eighth Congress for the simplification of committee structure and for other reforms. The National Planning Association report, "Strengthening Congress," of December last had a highly favorable reception from the press. The way is being cleared for a new committee structure in Congress which will reduce the number of committees to about ten in each House, and for the setting up of joint Senate-House committees whose chairmen would form a Legislative Cabinet. The next step of combining the Legislative Cabinet with the existing Executive Cabinet, under the chairmanship of the President, is not a long one. If it were taken, it would extend the scope of the existing joint bodies on foreign affairs to the whole field of policy and would provide a common meeting ground of the Executive and Congress where policies would be worked out harmoniously instead of, as at present, being compromised or destroyed through conflict and misunderstanding.

By changing their machinery of government in this gradual way to accord with the purposes it must serve, the American people are once more showing their political maturity. There is though another side to the picture. The gradualist evolution of our form of government is restricted and blocked by certain rigid provisions of the Constitution which in practice are almost unchangeable because of the onerous provisions of the amending clause. The most serious of these

rigidities is the fixed terms of service of the President and the members of the House and Senate.

This is too big a subject to deal with in this limited space. It may be pointed out, however, that the fixed terms make it impossible to set up a fully developed collaboration between the Executive and Congress. In the first place, it is always possible under our system that the President's party may not have a majority in the House and Senate. In that case, as the administrations of Taft, Wilson and Hoover show, the government of the United States is in impotent deadlock. But even when the two Houses are of the same party as the President, the fixed terms make Congress and the Executive so independent of each other that party discipline—the essential of teamwork between the Executive and the Legislature and therefore of properly working representative government—cannot exist.

We must, I believe, set up some way of avoiding a split of party control among the House, Senate and Presidency, and must also provide a firmer party discipline in Congress among the members of the majority party. This is a long term task, and one which seems on first impression impossible. To change the fixed terms of service would disrupt a way of government we have followed for a century and a half; and it would have to be done under an amending clause of the Constitution which is well-nigh unworkable. But before we discard the possibility of making this change, it is well to look at the consequences of keeping the system as it is. If it proves to be true that collaboration between the Executive and Congress is impossible with the fixed terms of service, our need for effective post-war government will push us increasingly to strong executive rule and will correspondingly weaken the position of Congress. And if Congress is weakened so are our political liberties; for in representative government a strong Legislature is the keystone of self-rule and political freedom. If we decide to regard a Constitutional amendment as an insuperable barrier to a change in our form of government which will make it possible for us to have executive leadership within a system which fully protects the standing and power of Congress, we are playing with the forces which have driven much of the world to authoritarian rule.

Polish Picture

HARRY LORIN BINSSE

IN RECENT WEEKS I have been reading, a page or two at a time, that brief essay in autobiography which Joseph Conrad entitled "A Personal Record." The book was first published in 1912, and, as Conrad tells us in the author's

note which he wrote for a later edition in 1919, it received its share of adverse criticism. Yet, now, in 1945, it seems hard to understand how anyone could have failed to recognize it for what it is—a classic in a very special kind of writing. It possesses only 138 rather small pages in rather generous type, and yet its content is such that once you have read it, you cannot believe it is so short. For it is a specimen of Conrad's condensed, essentially sinuous style—without fat and without excrescence. In a strange way is it put together, in a way the best to convey what it seeks to convey, and yet that *what* is elusive. I cannot help feeling that Conrad was principally concerned to explain simply one thing—a thing with two facets. That thing was how he came to write, and how he came to go to sea. Especially how he came to write in English, and how he came to go to sea in the English Merchant Marine. For he is very clear in his mind that as no other vessels than English vessels would do for him, so no other tongue than English would do either.

His narrative begins long after he had already received his Master's Papers (later on, in a miracle of condensation, he not only tells us about the examinations he took to get them, but also gives us living pictures of his various three examiners). He begins at Rouen, sometime after he had started to write his first novel, and not too long before he left the sea. That first novel, like his great-uncle Nicholas B.'s eating of a mangy dog on the retreat from Moscow, serves as a *leit-motif*, binding his reminiscences together as they spurt out in various directions—now backward, now forward, now to his childhood, now to his youth and even to his mature manhood, when he was writing "Nostromo."

He himself does not profess to explain why he was so irresistibly urged toward England and English. He is at pains, indeed, to make it clear that he does not understand this business. All he knows is that nothing was able to rid his heart of the desire for the sea and specifically of the desire to go down to the sea in English bottoms. His family was a family of considerable cultivation, and we must assume that his father knew English since he translated at least Shakespeare's "Two Gentlemen of Verona" into Polish for the benefit of his countrymen. But it is especially important for us to remember that Conrad, being born to the Polish gentry, had a perfectly adequate future ahead of him in his own country. In his author's note he is at pains to make clear precisely the position his father took in his rebellion against Russian rule:

One of the most sympathetic of my critics tried to account for certain characteristics of my work by the fact of my being, in his own words, "the son of a Revolutionist." No epithet could be more inapplicable to a man with such a strong sense of responsibility in the region of ideas and

action and so indifferent to the promptings of personal ambition as my father. Why the description "revolutionary" should have been applied all through Europe to the Polish risings of 1831 and 1863 I really cannot understand. These risings were purely revolts against foreign domination. The Russians themselves called them "rebellions," which, from their point of view, was the exact truth. Amongst the men concerned in the preliminaries of the 1863 movement my father was no more revolutionary than the others, in the sense of working for the subversion of any social or political scheme of existence. He was simply a patriot in the sense of a man who believing in the spirituality of a national existence could not bear to see that spirit enslaved.

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In this connection it is necessary to explain the peculiar economic and social conditions controlling the lives of a great number of Poland's outstanding patriots under Russian government in the nineteenth century, and, in part, under Polish government between the last war and the present conflict. Some weeks ago *Life* published photographs making visible the odors emanating from coffee beans, a rose, and other such things. One might compare the strange situation to which I refer above to a rose (Poland proper, with its great historic centers of Cracow and Warsaw) whose odor wafts eastward as a dim yet compelling emanation, covering an area to the east of the flower at one time considerably greater than the flower itself. This odor, setting the tone of the lands it blanketed, consisted in a class of large landed proprietors spread very thin over a population differing from it in religion and culture as well as in tradition and status. From Minsk in the north to Mohilev-Podolski (the Government in which Conrad was born) in the south, and even thinly penetrating as far as the roots of the Crimean Peninsula, the big estates primarily belonged to Polish families; the predominant climate of polite society was Polish and Western and Latin in religion. These marches began along a line not too far east of that which is now called the Curzon (despite the scorn cast upon it elsewhere in this issue of *THE COMMONWEAL*). If one takes this area as a whole, not the area granted to Poland under the Treaty of Riga, it considerably exceeds the area of what might be called the Polish heartland. And in this area, as has been said above, the ruling agricultural class was Polish, the subservient tillers of the soil were largely Ukrainian or White Russian or Ruthenian, and the people of the towns were in large measure Jewish, in smaller measure Polish.

Now however fashionable it may be to pour scorn on the late Czarist Government, it must be granted that this government knew something about its own self-interest—or at least it did until the moral breakdown symbolized by such a figure as Rasputin. In the eastern marches the grand Russian scheme was to maintain dissension between the peasantry and the landlords, thus in

fact building up the nationalism both of the Poles and of those who labored for them. What had been, under the old Polish Republic-Kingdom, a tolerable situation, because the non-Polish peasantry was no worse off than any peasantry anywhere and because it was little conscious of any national feeling, but only of a difference in the language it habitually spoke and the language of its Liturgy, became more and more an intolerable situation. As a sensitive youngster, did not Conrad feel this insoluble antinomy?

His autobiography rather leads me to think that he did, if unconsciously, and that the feeling of disease which arose from it was the impulse which drove him into a healthier society on British merchant vessels, and a situation of letters where minor linguistic differences were not constant reminders of tragedy. A mangy dog is a sick dog with a parasitic fungus depriving him of his hair. Were not these eastern marches, with their intensified patriotism and hence their great crop of Polish patriots, something like that mangy dog Uncle Nicholas B. had eaten in the forests of Lithuania? A diseased body with a parasitical growth covering its skin and making it disgusting?

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The most direct evidence that Conrad perceived all this and disliked it is to be found in his account of what happened to the same Nicholas B. during the uprising of 1863, which ended in the exile of Conrad's father. Mr. Nicholas B. was by then a very elderly gentleman. His friends and relatives had deliberately omitted him from the plottings which preceded the revolt in order to save him possible trouble. He was living upon an estate of some 1,500 acres which had been leased to him by a friend, and which were cultivated by Ukrainians. Conrad thus describes his life:

He lived there quietly for about ten years, seeing very few people and taking no part in the public life of the province, such as it could be under an arbitrary, bureaucratic tyranny. His character and his patriotism were above suspicion; but the organizers of the rising in their frequent journeys up and down the province scrupulously avoided coming near his house. It was generally felt that the repose of the old man's last years ought not to be disturbed.

Then the uprising took place:

Less than forty-eight hours after the beginning of the rebellion in that part of the country, a squadron of scouting Cossacks passed through the village and invaded the homestead. Most of them remained formed between the house and the stables, while several, dismounting, ransacked the various outbuildings. The officer in command, accompanied by two men, walked up to the front door. All the blinds on that side were down. The officer told the servant who received him that he wanted to see his master. He was answered that the master was away from home, which was perfectly true.

There followed a conversation between the Cos-

sack and the servant, ending with the Cossack's entering Mr. Nicholas B.'s study, where the blind was drawn. The servant raised it:

On pulling up the blind the servant was startled by the discovery that the whole male population of the village was massed in front, trampling down the flower-beds. There were also a few women amongst them. He was glad to observe the village priest (of the Orthodox Church) coming up the drive. The good man in his haste had tucked up his cassock as high as the top of his boots.

Another colloquy between the head servant and the Cossack officer took place, the latter seeking to ascertain whether Nicholas B. might be among the rebels.

By that time the peasants who had been talking with the Cossack troopers at the door had been permitted to get into the hall. One or two more left the crowd and followed them in. They were seven in all and amongst them the blacksmith, an ex-soldier. The servant appealed deferentially to the officer.

"Won't your honor be pleased to tell the people to go back to their homes? What do they want to push themselves into the house like this for? It's not proper for them to behave like this while our master's away, and I am responsible for everything here."

The officer only laughed a little, and after a while inquired:

"Have you any arms in the house?"

"Yes. We have. Some old things."

"Bring them all here, on to this table."

The servant made another attempt to obtain protection.

"Won't your honor tell these chaps . . . ?"

But the officer looked at him in silence in such a way that he gave it up at once and hurried off to call the pantry-boy to help him collect the arms. Meantime the officer walked slowly through all the rooms in the house, examining them attentively but touching nothing. The peasants in the hall fell back and took off their caps when he passed through. He said nothing whatever to them.

After the arms had been disposed of, the officer turned to go.

The peasants in the hall, encouraged by his manner, had stolen after him into the study. He gave not the slightest sign of being conscious of their existence and, his business being apparently concluded, strode out of the house without a word. Directly he left, the peasants in the study put on their caps and began to smile at each other.

The Cossacks rode away, passing through the yards of the home farm straight into the fields. The priest, still arguing with the peasants, moved gradually down the drive and his earnest eloquence was drawing the silent mob after him, away from the house. This justice must be rendered to the parish priests of the Greek Church that, strangers to the country as they were (being all drawn from the interior of Russia), the majority of them used such influence as they had over their flocks in the cause of peace and humanity. True to the spirit of their calling, they tried to soothe the passions of the excited peasantry and opposed rapine and violence, whenever they could, with all their might. And this conduct they pursued against the express wishes of the authorities. Later on some of them were made to suffer for this disobedience by being removed abruptly to the far north or sent away to Siberian parishes.

The servant was anxious to get rid of the few peasants who had got into the house. What sort of conduct was that, he asked them, toward a man who was only a tenant, had been invariably good and considerate to the

villagers for years, and only the other day had agreed to give up two meadows for the use of the village herd? He reminded them, too, of Mr. Nicholas B.'s devotion to the sick in the time of cholera. Every word of this was true and so far effective that the fellows began to scratch their heads and look irresolute. The speaker then pointed at the window, exclaiming: "Look! there's all your crowd going away quietly and you silly chaps had better go after them and pray God to forgive you your evil thoughts."

This appeal was an unlucky inspiration. In crowding clumsily to the window to see whether he was speaking the truth, the fellows overturned the little writing-table. As it fell over a chink of loose coin was heard. "There's money in that thing," cried the blacksmith. In a moment the top of the delicate piece of furniture was smashed and there lay exposed in a drawer eighty half-imperials. Gold coin was a rare sight in Russia even at that time; it put the peasants beside themselves. "There must be more of that in the house and we shall have it," yelled the ex-soldier blacksmith. "This is war time." The others were already shouting out of the window urging the crowd to come back and help. The priest, abandoned suddenly at the gate, flung his arms up and hurried away so as not to see what was going to happen.

In their search for money that bucolic mob smashed everything in the house, ripping with knives, splitting with hatchets, so that, as the servant said, there were no two pieces of wood holding together left in the whole house. They broke some very fine mirrors, all the windows, and every piece of glass and china. They threw the books and papers out on the lawn and set fire to the heap for the mere fun of the thing apparently. Absolutely the only one solitary thing which they left whole was a small ivory crucifix, which remained hanging on the wall in the wrecked bedroom above a wild heap of rags, broken mahogany and splintered boards which had been Mr. Nicholas B.'s bedstead. Detecting the servant in the act of stealing away with a japanned tin box, they tore it from him, and because he resisted they threw him out of the dining-room window. The house was on one floor but raised well above the ground, and the fall was so serious that the man remained lying stunned till the cook and a stable-boy ventured forth at dusk from their hiding-place and picked him up. By that time the mob had departed, carrying off the tin box, which they supposed to be full of paper money. Some distance from the house in the middle of a field they broke it open. They found inside documents engrossed on parchment and the two crosses of the Legion of Honor and For Valor. At the sight of these objects, which, the blacksmith explained, were marks of honor given only by the Tsar, they became extremely frightened at what they had done. They threw the whole lot away into a ditch and dispersed hastily.

The clean salt winds of the Seven Seas must have been irresistibly attractive as compared to this black Ukrainian muck—however much the Ukrainian plain was itself capable of its own wind-swept cleanliness. But over it all lay a mangy dog, and Conrad must surely have felt that no mangy dog can make fetid the sea.

Communications

Paris, France,
Via Radiogram.

TO the Editors: General de Gaulle's message has conveyed to you all the unanimous feeling of the French people. The death of President Roosevelt is for us an occasion of national mourning. Our country has lost a

peerless friend; the world has lost a statesman of genius for whom it had pressing need. And it is likewise the President's greatness of humanity, the light which dwelt within him, which the French people, like the American, so deeply regrets. Two words say all that can be said: *he loved*. President Roosevelt knows that his message will abide: his confidence in the virtues and the future of the American people is more than ever justified by the general sadness that people has manifested in solemn seriousness and unshatterable hope. Allow me to add a personal word; I have been deeply stricken by the blow which has come to our country, and with all my heart I am one with my friends throughout the United States.

JACQUES MARITAIN.

POLAND

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editors: I am sorry, but in your editorials teeming with understatements you are putting the Yalta Agreements into a wrong perspective. To call the quantitatively and qualitatively greatest betrayal in modern history merely "not absolute justice" is really a distortion of grim facts. There is also a tragi-comic aspect to the whole drama which you and all other commentators omit; Poland by declining Hitler's dishonorable demand to cede 8 percent of her territory is now losing 46.5 percent to the USSR; by rejecting the Fuehrer's repeated offer to collaborate in an attack against the Soviet Union, she saved the latter country's very existence, though the bait of recovering her historical frontiers was a powerful temptation. With German equipment the Polish Army (roughly 50 percent the size of the *Reichswehr*) could have easily tipped the scales at Moscow and Stalingrad.

But to come to a more concrete evaluation of the results of the Yalta meeting, a tabulation of Russia's gains in comparison with the German score in the universally condemned Munich Treaty is necessary. The fate of the Baltic countries, although not mentioned, has similarly been sealed. Their "sale" has been confirmed by the official recognition of Russia's claim of the Königsberg region in East Prussia.

The East-Polish statistics offered are carefully checked and compared with the results of the census organized by the German Imperial Army (1916-1917), which data tally with those of the nazi occupiers (Cf. K. Baedeker's "General Gouvernement," Leipzig, 1943). But is it so necessary to delve constantly in ethnologic statistics which are often nothing but quantitative "human zoology"? First of all it must be borne in mind that Poland is *by its very nature* a multilingual state like Switzerland, Czechoslovakia, Belgium or Canada. Only a person devoid of any knowledge of history and geography can cultivate the morbid idea of a Poland made up purely of Poles. This does not mean that there were no "national" problems in Eastern Poland aggravated by Polish centralists and ethnicists as well as by Ukrainian nationalists, some of them belonging to nazi or Soviet sponsored groups. But what about the sacred democratic principle of the general will? So far, curiously enough, we have seen no references to the important question whether the non-Poles of Eastern Poland actually want to join the Soviet Union. As a frequent visitor and temporary resident of these areas I simply cannot imagine that a free plebiscite with a Soviet-Polish alternative would result in a Russian victory. Now, after the experience of two Soviet occupations, the result would be devastating for

ITEM	MUNICH	YALTA POLAND & BALTICS		FINLAND & RUMANIA	TOTAL RUSSIAN GAINS
POPULATION (MILLIONS)	3.7	10.7	5.4	0 3.7	19.8* (1931 CENSUS)
COMPARED WITH ALSACE-LORRAINE	2.5 TIMES	10 TIMES		2.5 TIMES	12.5 TIMES*
AREA (1,000 KILOMETERS)	29	181	167	99	447*
COMPARED WITH ALSACE-LORRAINE	1.67 TIMES	22.5 TIMES		6.5 TIMES	29 TIMES* (= PRE-WAR GER- MANY)
PERCENT NATIONAL AREA CEDED	20.5	46.5	100	12 16	
PERCENT NATIONALS OF RECEIVER	90	57 (VARIOUS SLAVS)	7-10	2-3 c.20	2.25* of USSR
CONSULTATION OF VICTIMS	INDIRECT	NOT CONSULTED		FORCED TO AGREE	
PERCENT GREEK ORTHODOX		31.7	5-8	3-5 ALMOST ALL CHRISTIAN	
PERCENT OTHER CHRISTIANS	ALMOST ALL CHRISTIAN	56.7	80-90	96-99 1-2	
PLEBISCITE OR ELECTION	FEBRUARY, 1938 83% PRO-NAZI	NO FREE ELECTIONS		EVACUA- TION NO PLEB- ISCITE	

*The (certain) incorporation of Koenigsberg Region and (uncertain) incorporation of Carpatho-Ukraine excluded.

the USSR. Nobody would venture to maintain that the *Jewish* Sudeten Germans voted in February, 1938, for Henlein's Nazi Party. Such an act would have been tantamount to suicide. It is equally unimaginable that a Ukrainian, White-Ruthenian (Bialo-Russian) or Jewish house-owner, priest, rabbi, peasant proprietor, lawyer, businessman or free intellectual—between 75 and 85 percent of all adults—would vote for the USSR and against their very economic and spiritual existence. Such a surmise receives support from the fact that a constant stream of non-Polish refugees from the USSR amounting to three-quarters of a million has trickled into the Polish Republic since its establishment (Cf. *Maly Rocznik Statystyczny*, Warszawa, 1939, p. 52). If Poland is going to survive as an independent country the boundary question is going to be for millions not a matter of mere citizenship; it will determine their very existence.

It is, alas, not only possible but even likely that Rump Poland will share a fate similar to that of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia which M. Bierut takes pleasure in calling ominously "sister-republics." At Yalta there has been no doubt left that Poland will be punished much more severely than the majority of the German States. After all, only part of Germany will enjoy the blessings of a Soviet occupation—a fate reserved for every square inch of Poland. Whereas Poland's eastern boundaries and the future of the Baltic States have been decided by Marshal Stalin, the destiny of Germany has been reserved to a peace conference in which the Germans have at least a hope of being passively represented. As to free elections in Poland, no sane person believes that these will be forthcoming, since the USSR and the Communist Lublin Government will decide which parties are "democratic" and which are not. In the application of the democratic label the Kremlin is very strict and exacting. The Polish Home Army has already been declared to be "fascist" and subservient to a government of fascist, aristocratic landowners; General Bor, the heroic defender of Warsaw can thank God that he fell into nazi hands. About executions and deportations in Poland we are freely informed by the Moscow radio; and while Axis soldiers in this country and Britain enjoy the privileges of the Hague convention, Polish Home Army warriors have no such protection in the USSR which treats them as political criminals. And political crimes in the USSR are a serious matter.

Our editors, columnists and radio commentators prefer to ignore this issue, whereas Mr. Churchill has at least the courage to acknowledge defeat indirectly by his classic offer of citizenship to Polish soldiers fighting on all fronts and to the Polish fliers who defended Britain in 1940 so valiantly against German planes propelled by Soviet gasoline. (Such citizenship was offered to the French under parallel circumstances in 1940). Mr. Churchill's gesture, on the other hand, is a poor substitute for Britain's breach of *practically every point* of the Treaty of Alliance signed on August 25, 1939. Article 6-c, for instance, absolutely precludes the Yalta agreement. The present crisis in matters of honor and honesty is simply appalling. The Curzon Line depriving Poland of 46.5

percent of her territory and the problem of establishing a "truly democratic government" are hopelessly interrelated. Stalin not only wants a "strong Poland," although bisected, but also a "government friendly to the USSR." Every Pole who has not lost the last ounce of patriotism, honor or reason is thereby a suspect to Lublin or Moscow because he cannot conceivably harbor friendly feelings toward the mutilator of his country . . . or the assassin of uncounted Poles, among whom the officers of Katyn are only a drop in the bucket. From these facts it is evident that the vicious circle cannot be broken unless Moscow *completely* revises its stand. As this is very unlikely, the prospects of Poland are either full sovietization or a counterfeit democracy.

RICHARD F. KESTRICK.

PHILOSOPHY OF AMERICAN HISTORY

Chicago, Ills.

TO the Editors: In *THE COMMONWEAL* of April 13, 1945, Morris Zucker takes exception to my appraisal of his "Philosophy of American History" as presented in the issue of March 23, 1945. He states that in one place a sentence "torn out of context" by me has been used to misrepresent his true attitude. He further states, "To ascribe anti-Catholic sentiments to me is ridiculous both as a man, and surely as an historian." He then proceeded to give a direct quotation showing his respect for the work of the Jesuits in the New World. This was taken from Volume II, p. 77.

As a matter of fact I had tried to present as favorable a review as I could of the work, in deference to the amount of physical labor alone involved in producing the set. The editors of *THE COMMONWEAL*, always kindly and courteous, had even further softened one of my original statements. Since the former technique was apparently unacceptable, I now wish to state my opinion about the work a bit more plainly, keeping the remarks objective and limited to the work under discussion.

Morris Zucker maintains that he is not anti-Catholic. So far as I am concerned, anyone has the right to be anti-Catholic if he wishes, but I am greatly irritated by those who are actually anti-Catholic, who write accordingly, and who then subsequently deny it. Here are a few more statements from Morris Zucker's work, and if they indicate that he is not anti-Catholic, then words for me have lost their meaning: "In the early organization of the Church the bishops of each center stood on an equal footing with each other. . . . But the centripetal power of imperial Rome exercised its influence on the church organization. . . . 'If Rome be the Queen of cities,' wrote D'Aubigné, 'why should not her pastor be the King of Bishops? Why should not the Roman church be the mother of Christendom? Why should not all nations be her children, and her authority be the universal law? It was natural to the heart of man to reason thus. Ambitious Rome did so.'" In this summary fashion, Morris Zucker disposes of the primacy of the Pope, but still he maintains he is not anti-Catholic, even though acceptance of his position would destroy the Roman Catholic Church as we know it. The supporting words quoted come from

an admittedly hostile source, D'Aubigné. Regarding the establishment of the influence of the Bishop of Rome, Morris Zucker writes: "The elevation of Christianity to the state church of the Roman Empire was a tremendous political success, but a great religious disaster. . . . Temporal aggrandizement led to political and personal debauchery and many of the wildest excesses too bestial to record here were committed in the name of the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost." Just what the "wildest excesses" were, we are mercifully not told. For such a sweeping statement it would seem that something in the form of proof would be offered by a sound historian. The sections in the same volume on Christianity during the Middle Ages and Christianity during the Reformation are such as would be found in any cheap pamphlet attacking the Church. Typical is the following: "The lust for power, the degradation of personal debauchery, the sale of Infinite Compassion itself, long continued, unmolested, profligate, all had conspired to focus their deferred retribution in a tremendous outburst of long repressed resentment." At this point D'Aubigné is again allowed to speak; no Catholic is quoted on the dispute over indulgences. Finally, Luther was impelled to nail on the church door " . . . his defiance of the Pope, papacy, and debauchery." This summary appears on Page 143 of Volume I.

More could easily be quoted, but perhaps enough has been presented to show that Morris Zucker either is anti-Catholic or uses a very unusual technique to show his approval of the Catholic Church. It is unfortunate, too, that he did not quote what he wrote about the Jesuits, following the complimentary remarks above noted. In a final evaluation of the Jesuits he states, "Free spirits could not survive the stifling atmosphere of Jesuitical uniformity and conformity." Is this also to be accepted as "praise" of the "New World Jesuits," to quote from the author's letter in *THE COMMONWEAL*, April 13? If so, Morris Zucker's methods of indicating approbation are confusing, to say the least.

PAUL KINIERY.

The Screen

Ah! Youth, Youth

IT WAS inevitable that the movies would tackle the subject of the lonely soldier in the big city. His story was crying to be told. I am glad to report that "*The Clock*" has handled it very well. This is by no means the perfect movie (it is too sentimental at times, and Judy Garland is not really well cast as the girl in the case), but it is an unusually good movie. Director Vincente Minnelli, who proved in "Meet Me in St. Louis" that he knows what cinema can do, shows again that he understands this art. He allows the camera to tell the story, and he is not afraid to give us stretches of action and atmosphere without dialogue. Robert Nathan and Joseph Schrank wrote a pleasant and unassuming script from a delightful little tale by Paul and Pauline Gallico. Perhaps the picture's greatest charm is in what's left

unsaid, verbally, but is conveyed to the audience, pictorially. We see the soldier (played with winning naïveté by Robert Walker) arrive in New York City's Pennsylvania Station. He is overawed by the crowds, the bustle and his own single loneliness as everyone else has somewhere to go or someone to meet. He steps out on the street and he is almost panicky at the bigness of things and the frightening dark canyons made by buildings. He returns to the station where he meets the girl (portrayed very well by Judy Garland, but I wish a plainer, not so pretty and well known actress had this rôle). She has lost a heel. He helps her to a cobbler, and from then on "*The Clock*" becomes the story of a boy and girl in the big city.

The city is definitely New York, whose familiar background lends a realistic flavor to the simple and sweetly-sad tale. The ride on a Fifth Avenue bus, the walk in Central Park, the visit to the Metropolitan, and later their meeting under the clock at the Astor at seven, their dinner in the little restaurant, the quarrel, their walk on Riverside Drive, and their ride with the friendly milkman (James Gleason) all build up nicely to become part of their story.

They keep telling each other little bits about themselves; they find each other very companionable. His loneliness disappears in her presence. Her attempts at being a guide and a gracious hostess grow to an increasing interest in him for himself. It is difficult to say at what moment they know they're in love: perhaps when they are delivering milk for the milkman whose eye was blackened by a drunk (played by Keenan Wynn in a brilliant scene that is not only this film's best but also the best of any movie so far this year), or when they go to the milkman's apartment for breakfast and participate in the happy atmosphere there, or perhaps during those terrible moments later when, through being separated in the subway crowd, they think they are forever lost to each other. They know they are in love, and they rush for the marriage license.

Their story is rather pathetic at times. They realize as they eat their wedding dinner in a drab cafeteria, what a farce was their rushed wedding in City Hall. But their tears and regrets are wiped away as they repeat their vows and read the ceremony at a church where a fashionable wedding has just taken place. The picture closes as it opened in the Pennsylvania Station. The boy is off to camp; the girl will return to her secretarial duties. They are separated—but they have each other.

My synopsis hardly conveys the warmth and moving qualities of this movie which succeeds as so few do in giving the story of two people who found each other among New York's seven millions. Arthur Freed's production is excellent; the city with all its bigness and wonders dominates the film but never obscures the boy and girl. I'm glad the picture stopped where it did—on youth's glowing note of hope. Perhaps some day later we would have the courage to see the sequel, the aftermath to this touching romance—but not now, when we must use our strength for other things.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Books of the Week

Philadelphia, Holy Experiment. Struthers Burt. Doubleday. \$3.75.

THERE ARE cities—most cities—which lend themselves naturally and inevitably to history, others which because of their strongly human personality insist upon a biography. Philadelphia is eminently in the latter class. And Struthers Burt, being a Philadelphian “bone of the bone” and also a man of such wide interests and wide travels that he can seize what Alice Meynell called the “spirit of place” with critical freshness, is eminently the one to write it. He has always found his home town both fascinating and exasperating, and has several times used her as background for his novels; not always in a manner which her other sons and daughters found pleasant reading. The present work is at once so informative, so witty and so sympathetic that it deserves to rank not merely as a best seller but as one of the outstanding books of the year.

It is a far from obvious story, for Philadelphia's paradoxes began almost before the beginning. By rights the town between the Delaware and the Schuylkill should have been a Swedish settlement—instead of which she became the “holy experiment” of William Penn. Of that truly great man, Quaker and friend of the Catholic James II, idealist and first of the absentee landlords who were to plague his city, Mr. Burt gives a rarely balanced portrait. His picture of Franklin, too, is admirable, and of the enigmatic Stephen Girard. In fact all the players of his scene have a picturesque vitality, although many readers will feel that he does somewhat less than justice to Commodore Barry and somewhat more to that stormy petrel, “Tom” Paine.

But the real subject of his biography remains, in all her changes and all her sameness, the city. When the Revolution came, Philadelphia, who could not quite make up her mind whether to be patriot or Tory, was cast for a major rôle and won the title Cradle of Liberty. Because of her strategic location, with farming and shipping at her doorsill, coal and iron within arm's reach, she had almost every possibility of wealth and leadership. She was the center for a while of our government, our arts, our publishing and our social tradition. All except the last she was to lose or let slip through her fingers. “Well bred and inbred” she has been called, city of homes and of churches and of unbelievable slums: “corrupt and contented.” And yet today with her new war prosperity and new war population, she remains recognizable and distinguished—“one of the queerest, and most interesting, and most nostalgic cities you ever saw.”

Mr. Burt writes with just the sincerity and just the sophistication his subject demands, and often with the satire which has been well described as disenchanting idealism. For never a city has more obviously the defects of her qualities and the qualities of her defects than Philadelphia. But he seems to feel, as do most of her citizens, that there's life in the old girl yet!

KATHERINE BREGY.

What is a Classic? T. S. Eliot. Faber. 3/6.

CRUMBS from Mr. Eliot are always cake, and this address, the text of the first Annual Address to the Virgil Society, is no exception. Mr. Eliot was first President of this society, for the year 1943-4, and it is obvious,

from reading any of his own works, whether prose or poetry, whether early or late, that he is essentially and fundamentally on the side of the classics, in the great classical-romantic battle. But in this essay he enters no lists: he answers his own question by first asking another, when is a classic? And his reply is, in brief, when the maturity of the individual epitomizes the highest development of the culture he integrates. Some years ago, the Compagnie des Quinze gave in Paris a rendering of Shakespeare's “Rape of Lucrece,” acted in mime, with only antagonist and protagonist speaking. These, whispering in their pulpits at the sides of the stage, spoke of how, that night, when Tarquin violated hospitality and the person of his host's wife, Rome was “in history,” how sometimes a country was in agony, sometimes in travail, sometimes in decay: but that evening, Rome was in history.

For Mr. Eliot, Virgil, timing his whole life and through everything he wrote lived an age when Rome was continually “in history,” as some people are in thought, or in ecstasy. But for him the significance of Virgil is not only that his writing is the revelation of the full splendor of the Latin language, richer, more golden than ever before or since, the inheritor of Greece, the progenitor of all European language and literature. For Mr. Eliot, Virgil is more: he is “the bridge, the gallery to join all to that world that shall never grow old: the Kingdom of Heaven” as John Donne said (though not of Virgil!). It is because Virgil, who in Dante's voyage, led Dante “toward a vision he could never himself enjoy,” also “led Europe toward the Christian culture which he could never know” that for Mr. Eliot he is the supremely classical of all poets. Virgil was conscious of his destiny: not by foresight but by instinct; he felt the holy purpose which he translated in the pilgrim Aeneas; and it is through that participation with his people, through his own identification with their achievement and their destiny, that Virgil is outstanding. By no other poet has the life of a whole people been articulated at the greatest moment of their language; when the rose is in bloom, the bees come to the rose, it does not seek them out, said Chaitanya, and Virgil was for Rome that rose.

ANNE FREMANTLE.

Sabbath, The Day of Delight. A. E. Millgram. Jewish Publication Society. \$3.00.

THE book, from the hand that had formerly compiled “An Anthology of Medieval Hebrew Literature,” is a monument erected to the revitalization in America of the Sabbath, “the soul of Judaism,” and so designed “to strengthen, exalt and purify the spiritual nature of Jewish people.” The author frankly admits that corrosive modern influences are undermining traditional observances, but finds this state of neglect quite ecumenical: “Non-Jews, too, have felt the effect of these forces. Attendance at Sunday service has decreased considerably. Only fifty per cent of the Christians in America are affiliated with the church, and only one-third of those affiliated attend church services. The record is only a little better in the Roman Catholic Church, where Sunday attendance is about forty percent.”

The author sketches the ideal Sabbath in both home and synagogue, and offers both traditional and reform types of service for both those focal points, not omitting sections of Sabbath stories and verse for the children. He

deals realistically with the demands of the modern economic age in the matter of traditional Sabbath observance, and finds strong hope for the future of Jewry in America in the spread and development of that new '*Oneg Shabbat*, a public Saturday afternoon "gathering which cultivates intellectual and spiritual activities reflecting the Sabbath spirit." For such gatherings the volume includes a good deal of appropriate music.

There is a good discussion of the Jewish opposition to the projected form of calendar reform that was being urged *via* the League of Nations some years ago.

On the divergence between the Jewish and the Christian weekly day for worship and rest, the author states: "... Paul abolished the Sabbath and thus opened the road of conversion to the multitudes of Gentiles. This radical step was in line with his avowed policy of expediency, as he himself admits, 'I am made all things to all men that I might by all means save some.'" In the new Knox version the relevant words from *I Corinthians* read as follows: "I have been everything by turns to everybody, to bring everybody salvation."

The volume embodies interesting treatments of the Sabbath in literature, in art, and music. The author makes generous acknowledgment of help received here from many sources, but for such disparate compilation the style runs smoothly and consistently.

GERALD ELLARD.

Lumber and Labor. Vernon H. Jensen. Farrar. \$3.00.

MR. JENSEN'S definitive study of the turbulent history of labor relations in the lumber industry lives up to the high standards of the series in which it appears as volume five, "Labor in Twentieth Century America": readability coupled with scrupulous scholarship. Collective bargaining has, for too many years, been studied in a social and economic vacuum. Not so in this helpful series, the announced purpose of which is to study industrial relations, industry by industry, against a background which takes full account of "the industrial structure and of the composition of the workers; treatment of the conditions of labor, living standards, and opportunities for education and recreation; and consideration of changing attitudes of behavior on the part of government and the public."

It is only after the student of labor history has been supplied with this broad background of the migratory lumber industry that he can begin to understand what would otherwise be inexplicable phenomena: the bitter inter-union conflicts which have plagued the industry, the ruthless struggle between workers and owners, and the unstabilizing influence of the present war on industrial relations.

It is to be hoped that the editors of the series will supply us with a similar study of every major industry in the United States and then possibly undertake, in a separate volume, to draw some general conclusions from the series as a whole.

GEORGE G. HIGGINS.

The French Revolution. J. M. Thompson. Oxford. \$5.00.

PROFESSOR THOMPSON'S study of the great Revolution is itself by no means revolutionary. It lacks the cynical brilliance of Crane Brinton's little masterpiece of interpretation. Above all, it has little use for the protagonists of the counter-revolution, and Pierre de La Gorce is not so much as mentioned. There is no mysticism

in Professor Thompson's make-up, unless it be the mysticism of the "common man." Yet his book does one thing which has never been done so well before. It explains that no appeal to representative government will succeed unless the laws of parliamentary rule are observed. I can think of no book which so well supports the thesis of Hermens, Brecht and others that the revolution of Nazism could not have succeeded if the constitutional law of republican Germany had been more fully developed.

Thus the most curious fact of the long and bloody history of Revolution is that France did not initially wish to part company with its King, was indeed quite fanatically attached to the idea of having a King. Nor was poor Louis XVI himself a villainous creature. He may not have quite known what everything was about, and his Queen may have been still more vapid. But the real reason why he fell was neither royal insipidity nor a popular impulse to regicide, though neither was lacking. The point was rather that during the years which had passed since the last vestiges of French democracy faded in the light of an autocratic Crown the principles of parliamentary rule had been forgotten.

Things went from bad to worse—from Lafayette to Robespierre—with that fateful inevitability which is always bound to crop up when men lose command of the supreme device of common sense. Then waves of propaganda have no shore on which to run out their course. The shock spills everything over, and nothing proves so unreasonable as Reason. Professor Thompson makes these points all the better because he does not make them ostensibly. His is the sort of book you read for the message that is in the facts rather than in the words.

It is crammed with all sorts of information very skillfully arranged and presented. The English, like the French, have a gift for this sort of writing. No term would describe it less adequately than that of popular presentation. It is a book about the masses rather than for them. Anyone who wishes to know about the first exciting act in the modern drama will find it food for thought.

GEORGE N. SHUSTER.

The Mystery of Iniquity. Paul Hanly Furfey. Bruce. \$2.00.

THE CHALLENGE to come out and be separate from the individuals and groups who would heal society by merely natural means is at the basis of this book. Faced by tremendous problems of race, hygiene, housing, employment, and nationalism, the Catholic sociologist is tempted by his non-Catholic confrères to regard social ills as the result of natural causes and their healing as curable by natural means. It is very difficult not to conform—to become almost unwittingly a "conformist"—to the non-supernatural tactics of many social scientists; while quoting glibly from the encyclicals on occasion, the conformist is careful not to quote the passages which stress revelation. He is unwilling to upset his liberal brethren by appealing to the supernatural motive which must underlie all Catholic action. Playing safe often means playing into the hands of the devil, forgetting that as there is a supernatural basis for social action so too there is the constant power of evil at work in and through human society—the mystery of iniquity arrayed, surreptitiously it may be, against the Mystical Body of Christ. Fr. Furfey shows how this evil mystery insinuates itself and tends to influence Catholic sociologists, in the matters of nationalism, racialism, the home.

This is a most challenging and inspiring presentment of the need for intrepid Catholic social action; of the need to make known our supernatural principles, even in quarters where the velvet word would win us commendation but would and should condemn our own consciences. "If we set aside our professional prejudices and follow the Lord's command with strong faith, then we shall obtain results which wholly surpass all human expectation, miraculous results which outdistance our fondest hopes."

RICHARD FLOWER.

The United States and the World Court. Denna Frank Fleming. Doubleday. \$2.00.

IT IS a sobering experience, on the eve of the San Francisco conference, to read this book. It will be a useful experience if it leads the reader to take steps to prevent a repetition of what it records, the campaign to defeat the World Court. The book is at one and the same time a concise study of the flouting of public opinion by the "irreconcilables" of the Senate; a caustic critique of their distorted view of the relation of the United States to the other nations; and discussion of the defects of the Constitutional treaty-making process together with suggestions for making the process representative and responsible. Although Professor Fleming refers only briefly to contemporary questions, his readers cannot avoid comparing the campaign for and against the Court with those now being waged over the agricultural, monetary and security organizations. As we review the techniques of killing treaties (packing of committees, delay, reservations, obscuring of the issues, and more delay) and the consequent frustration and demoralization of public judgment, we wonder whether it will all happen over again, once this war ends; and we wish that the treaty-making process may be quickly revised. The change of a few hearts in the Senate and the sharp defeat of some die-hards in the last election offer some straws of hope.

ELIZABETH M. LYNKEY.

The Economic Order and Religion. Frank H. Knight and T. W. Merriam. Harper. \$3.00.

IN THIS BOOK Professor Knight of Chicago University undertakes an analysis of economic liberalism in relation to Christianity. He is very, very scientific and like so many of the scientific kind he has a remarkable faith in mechanics, in this case the mechanics of *laissez-faire*. Human betterment, he says, is not a religious problem; it is a scientific problem. The Professor's science may thus be sampled: "Acceptance of the theory that universal love will solve all social problems *inevitably* leads in practice to the application of antithetical principles, to the solution of all problems by force and specifically to the use of force to maintain a fixed class or status system in economic and social life." That word *inevitably* hardly accords with the scientific method.

Professor Knight's ethics seem to lie within his statement: "But the supreme lesson of modern thought is not only that ideals must be approached gradually but also that they change progressively, by intelligent re-definition in the process of their realization by rational action. Consequently, the objective itself can be formulated as the *direction* of moral progress, not as a goal to be ever finally achieved." In the strong currents and counter-currents of modern economic life the Professor's *direction* is about as ethical and as useful as a cork.

This Publishing Business

The Return of the Giant

Men who in music and poetry will have none but the masters are in their spiritual reading satisfied with writers of the standard of Ella Wheeler Wilcox—at this standard a great deal of spirituality is written: reading some of it is like chewing a mouthful of fur.

This double standard is not the incredible disharmony it might seem, for even the least excellent Catholic writing does contain the word of God, and two grains of the word of God, cluttered up with ever so many mediocre words and images provided by the human writer, can storm the mind more powerfully than "Hamlet" or the Fifth Symphony. All the same, there is a certain penuriousness in reading only the lesser moderns; and fortunately, in our own days we are seeing the return of the Giants. St. Thomas was the herald of their return. Eyes clarified by him peered into the mist from which he had so lately been dragged, almost violently, by Leo XIII; behind him loomed vague and shadowy the figure of St. Augustine, and over him the mightier figure of St. Paul, and over all, the Gospels. The mist still shrouds a hundred other figures, but these are the giants. These a Catholic owes it to his own maturity to know. The Bible, one fears, will return but slowly; and its full return will mark the true dawn for the Catholic Intellect: "When the incomparable music of the Bible has been an integral part of an education," says Fr. Martindale, "all other literatures for ever seem to lack an essential grace." Meanwhile St. Augustine makes progress—or we make progress towards him—slowly though the speed increases a little.

The new translation of his CONFESSIONS, published a couple of years ago, has had a vast sale and the average reader is becoming aware of him as the *most* human of the giants. When he was young, he prayed for chastity "but not yet."

Because of this we have just re-published AN AUGUSTINE SYNTHESIS (a parallel volume to THE NEWMAN SYNTHESIS) which will lead the reader into the very heart of the Master of all the Doctors. From forty-seven of Augustine's works the compiler has gathered nearly a thousand passages, and has arranged them to form a continuous treatise on a very simple pattern—Reason and Faith as a way to Truth; God, one and triune, His Nature and Attributes; God Incarnate; the Mystical Body; the whole life of man in the Mystical Body.

The book is not to be raced through but worked at. The worker might find two things at the end—that his mind holds a new vision and that the vision is held in a new mind.

—F. J. S.

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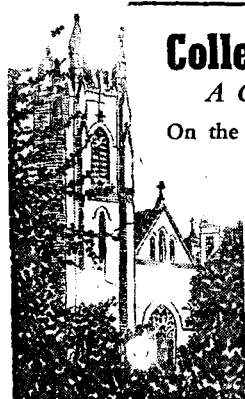
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Merriam's ethical system accepts the modern conception of liberalism. His religion is what is known as Christian fellowship. It needs neither church nor creeds. It is summed up in what might be called a feeling for social responsibility. Merriam implies that sort of thing is a bit of a fraud. The Professors exchange punches again in an exchange of observations about each other's papers, and the book concludes as it began with the best intentions in the world to do something about what has to be done. Whatever is to be done neither Professor made clear.

JOHN MONAGHAN.

Brazilian Literature. Erico Verissimo. Macmillan. \$2.00.

IN ORDER to win the American reader's sympathy toward subjects pertaining to Brazilian culture, nothing would be better than the sincere humility with which Mr. Verissimo places these subjects before the public in his series of lectures, now put together in book form. It is not a book for specialists. The author admits from the start that he is dealing with the theme less because of the possible importance of a literature which is almost non-existent than because of his wish to arouse the interest of Americans, laymen or scholars, in his country. No good neighbor policy is more efficient than that which comes from comprehension and knowledge. And for an understanding of the Brazilian soul, there could be no better guide than the literature of the country—a literature still incipient, scattered and unimportant, but at the same time very faithful in its reflection of the Brazilian spirit.

Mr. Verissimo's book is not a textbook of literary history. He himself confesses that he is not a critic, for his field is that of imaginative writing. And it is true that he is among the outstanding writers in Brazil and the most popular of the country's living novelists. But if his book is not a work of criticism, it is a pleasant and trustworthy guide; its short notes offer general and reliable information. I will repeat: it is a pleasant guide. Moreover, it is unassuming and unpretentious. It does not cover all the aspects of the subject. But it awakens the reader's curiosity for larger and deeper studies.

Written in colorful and lively language, with wit and imagination, this little book makes one feel as though one were delightedly listening to a story-teller. Hence the fact that it is an extremely vivid account of Brazilian cultural life.

AFRANIO COUTINHO.

First Whisper of "The Wind in the Willows." Kenneth and Elspeth Grahame. Lippincott. \$1.50.

THESE posthumous papers of the author of "The Wind in the Willows"—he died in 1932—and a diffuse and unprofessional biographical note by his wife concerned with the background of that minor classic are thoroughly unimportant and charming. The papers are juvenile entertainment about Bertie the pig, Mr. Toad, the Badger, the Rat and Mole, and they are entertaining, but they have scarcely any hint of the beautiful sensitivity to nature and mood of "The Wind in the Willows." The biographical note about the author and his young son is nostalgic of Edwardian times. The proper child and the kind father of bygone days are despised and ridiculed by some, the moderns, while remembered by others as golden.

FREDERICK THOMPSON.

The Inner Forum

For Human Brotherhood

IT IS almost five years since the Foundation of Catholics for Human Brotherhood of 384 East 149th Street, New York 55, N. Y., began its work of education intended to stamp out racial and religious bigotry in the United States. During that period the Foundation has distributed without charge several hundred thousand pamphlets, circulars and other reading matter.

Among those whose writings or speeches against bigotry are circulated by the Foundation are Archbishop Mooney of Detroit, Justice Frank Murphy, Archbishop Spellman of New York, Bishop Haas of Grand Rapids, Msgr. John A. Ryan, Rev. Joseph Moody (now a Naval Chaplain), Thomas F. Doyle and Rev. John A. O'Brien. It has also distributed more than 200,000 copies of its statement of purpose, which includes the following: "Believing that Our Lord's commandment of Brotherly Love can be put into effect by the concerted effort of men of good will, we plan to attack the pagan roots of disunion, subversion and racial antipathy by means of a vast nationwide educational campaign. . . . By introducing into the homes of the nation such invaluable works as the Papal encyclicals on momentous human problems and those of eminent Catholic writers on national and world affairs, with particular emphasis on religious and racial matters affecting Catholics, Protestants and Jews alike; together with our own proposed publication *Concord* we shall go far toward the solution of the problems that threaten to overwhelm our country. . . . Our work has been placed under the patronage and guidance of Our Blessed Mother."

One of the most interesting of their free leaflets, which is entitled "Catholics Condemn Anti-Semitism," and which was compiled by Father M. J. Ahern, S.J., of Weston College, Mass., is a list of books, pamphlets and articles by Catholics condemning anti-Semitism and on kindred Jewish subjects. It lists five articles from THE COMMONWEAL (by George N. Shuster, Monsignor John A. Ryan, N. A. Berdyaev, and Jacques Maritain), six articles from *America* and a number of other articles and longer pieces down through mid-1944. The National President is Sister Maria Mercedes, S.S.N.D.

CONTRIBUTORS

George N. SHUSTER, for many years managing editor of THE COMMONWEAL, is President of Hunter College, New York, and the author of many books.

Thomas K. FINLETTER has just published a book on the same subject as this article, "Can Representative Government Do the Job?" This most important volume will be reviewed in one of our forthcoming issues. Mr. Finletter is a lawyer in the firm of Coudert Brothers, New York, and has served as special assistant to the Secretary of State.

Katherine BRÉGY is a lecturer and author; perhaps her best known book is "From Dante to Jeanne d'Arc"; she lives in Philadelphia.

Anne FREMANTLE is a resident of Washington, D. C. *Rev. Gerald ELLARD, S.J.*, is a leading American liturgist, now teaching at St. Mary's, Kansas.

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Afranio COUTINHO is editor of the *Selecoes do Reader's Digest*. *Frederick THOMPSON*, formerly an editor of THE COMMONWEAL, now lives in Washington, D. C.

Books by Rev.

R. Garrigou-Lagrange, O. P.

Father Garrigou-Lagrange is one of the most interesting and powerful figures in the current Thomistic resurgence, for many years a member of the faculty of the Angelico, the Dominican institute of higher ecclesiastical studies in Rome. It is safe to say that no living man, not even Maritain or Sertillanges, has done more to advance the cause of Catholic thought than he. Since the death of Gardeil, his former teacher, and Hugon, his associate, he has been the regularly acknowledged leader of the Thomistic movement. One of the most prolific writers of this generation, he is at the same time one of the most powerful and profound . . . Father Garrigou-Lagrange does not owe his preeminence in the realm of Catholic thought to the number of his productions, but to the peculiar vigor and intensity of his understanding.

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Next Week

FROM LIBERATED FRANCE, by Emmanuel Mounier, founder of the *Esprit* group, is a series of three highly revealing articles. The first of these, which will appear next week, deals with "France in the Catacombs." The articles to appear in succeeding weeks tell of French wartime social and political structures and The Resistance Movement. A thoroughly sensitive, informative report from inside of a great nation in travail. M. Mounier concludes his authoritative analysis with a prognostication based upon the current situation there.

WHOSE FOUNTAINS ARE WITHIN, by Anne Fremantle, utilizes as a springboard two of the most distinguished novels of the season: Rosamond Lehmann's "The Ballad and the Source" and Rumer Godden's "Take Three Tenses." The two happen to provide a colorful argument on the subject of whether places create values or vice versa.

RUSSIAN AT SAN FRANCISCO, by Michael Williams, re-tells a moving love story of more than a hundred years ago. A Russian emissary to San Francisco and the daughter of the Spanish Governor are principals. She was the most beautiful girl in the California of her day.

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